

# EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"  
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 584.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1843.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE MUSIC OF THE STREETS.

LONDON.

A PERSON in London, of studious or retired habits, commits a great mistake when he seeks immunity from noise in what is most untruly called "a quiet neighbourhood;" this being exactly the description of place that hourly resounds with street-music; for, as was before remarked, in the suburbs musicians "most do congregate." It was in just such a locality that I made my most extensive acquaintance with the persons, talents, habits, and characteristics of the open-air musical profession. All these I found to be peculiar; but nothing more so than their unvarying and punctual regularity. So correctly did each peace-disturber time his visits to the street in which I had the misfortune to reside, that after a three years' patient audience of their noises, I could always ascertain the day and the hour by the sounds without. This proves that the whole body enter into a sort of contract not to interfere with each other's "beats" or districts; that, in fact, a regular organisation exists, not only amongst organists, but all other street-players.

Every Monday morning, at eight o'clock, the neighbourhood was serenaded by a man who whistled a horn-pipe; from nine to eleven there came a succession of barrel-organs and barrel-pianofortes; at about one, "Old Jenny," the blind hurdy-gurdy woman, and her companion, paraded past the door: more organs between two and five: the evening generally brought a set of glee-singers. Each succeeding day brought its separate serenades; some came twice a-week, but always on the same days. On Tuesdays, four blind Highlanders crept along the edge of the pavement, accompanying their snail's crawl with reels and other Scotch airs. On Thursdays, about twelve, I frequently watched the brewing of a complete storm. A corner opposite my window was selected as the rendezvous of an extensive banditti of "wind and string." Exactly at twelve, the base trombone—a grave and steady-looking personage, who was invariably the most punctual—took his station against the post. Then came the harp and violoncello, and the process of tuning was prepared for, but not commenced, till the arrival of the clarinet, whose A natural was indispensable to the process. The corneopæan would in most instances follow; but I noticed that the fiddles, first and second, were generally the least punctual, the first violin being always last. This particular member of the corps usually displayed what is called a seedy appearance, as if he had not been much a-bed over night, and it seemed as if he felt the necessity of making an effort to create an impression to the contrary. He gave his open coat as jaunty an air as possible, displaying a faded red velvet vest underneath, and his hat was always worn a little on one side. His playing had also a certain dash about it. He seemed to revel in a quadrille, or any similar quick movement; in which he could bring out the fortes, particularly strong; and, being leader, he made all the fresh starts with such a sweep of the bow as none of the rest could misunderstand. The whole of the performers acquitted themselves far above the average of their class. What used to surprise me was, that they invariably performed accompaniments nearly akin to those the composer had written: the harmonies were not, as with their brother banditti, put in at random, or "vamped," but it really seemed that the pieces had been carefully arranged for each instrument from the original score. At all events, the whole performance was that of regularly-bred musicians; in point of taste coarse and vulgar, but in the main correct. It frequently became a matter of speculation, whe-

ther those men were bred up in the streets, or had descended to them from some regular musical employment, through misfortune or improvidence. On this point I soon after obtained some light. A man called upon me in a state of great distress, who described himself as having been the band-master of a regiment then in India, of which an intimate friend of mine was an officer. Finding him to be a proficient clarinet player, I sent him to an eminent performer on that instrument, who I thought might forward his views. The day after, my protégé returned to me in a state of great agitation. He had been seriously and deliberately advised to seek his livelihood in the streets! "Many a better man," said my friend, "has picked up a respectable (!) livelihood in the same manner," some of whom he actually named! I could not but conclude that the performers of my Thursday's serenade belonged to the class of respectable musicians so reduced. Another instance puts the possibility of good, nay, eminent performers being driven from the orchestra to the gutter, beyond all doubt. At the corner of a street in Clerkenwell, there is a large and splendid gin palace, which is unhappily crowded on most Saturday nights—a time and place chosen by a violin player, to fiddle stray coppers out of passengers' pockets; and this he does with great success. His playing is really excellent, and what the listener is quite unprepared for in the streets. It is evident he has no wish to be recognised, for he wears a large shade over his eyes, and buries his brow as much as possible under his hat. The man excited my curiosity, which was afterwards satisfied; for I learned that he formerly held a respectable rank in his profession, having belonged to the band of the Philharmonic Society, which is always a guarantee for first-rate abilities. Drunkenness had, however, done its very worst upon him; and he gradually sunk from the concert room to the minor theatres, and thence, through inattention to his duties, to the outside of a gin-shop. I have never heard of his playing anywhere else, or at any other time. It is possible, therefore, that he gathers a sufficiency on a Saturday night for his week's subsistence.

While on the subject of good players, an instrumental quartet must be mentioned, which, contrary to the usual wont and habit of out-door musicians, used to charm the ears of the citizens every afternoon from about three till six. In the very core of bustle and business, it had a singular effect upon the wayfarer, when, turning a corner into one of the most crowded courts between Cornhill and Lombard Street, he came suddenly upon the performance of a slow movement from Haydn or Beethoven. The fiddlers had the appearance of Jews, and seemed to consist of a father and his three sons: they played respectably. Sometimes they performed a short overture, such as Mozart's Figaro, which was generally followed by a movement from some popular symphony by Pleyel, Onslow, or Haydn. Their station was opposite a large dining tavern in Change Alley. Even the most diligent man of business requires some relaxation amidst the turmoil in which he exists, and he makes the necessity of dining or of taking his luncheon a pleasure, which was much increased by the quartet. Whenever I heard them, I perceived that they obtained much encouragement; for it is not so generally known as it ought to be, that, taking them as a body, the citizens of London are fervent and judicious admirers of music. Nowhere do there exist so many first-rate amateurs as amongst the traders and merchants of the city. They are constantly attending social musical parties; whilst, in more fashionable society, such unions are of rare occurrence.

Before leaving the city, we will turn down Prince's Street, to behold, sitting on the steps of one entrance to the Bank of England, an old blind fiddler scraping away on an iron-bound violin. This old man has been for many years as punctual in his attendance at his post as the strictest of the bank clerks. Sometimes an old woman is with him; but he mostly comes and goes assisted only by his staff. It has never, I believe, been correctly ascertained what tune it is that he plays, although that has not varied within the memory of "the oldest inhabitant." He exposes a tin box for the reception of pence, and they drop in pretty often; so that it is very likely, when he departs this life, he will leave—like many tattered misers of this class—a good property to his relations, if he have any. He is, most likely, a supporter of the establishment whose steps have so long supported him; and, besides his staff, may be the owner of no inconsiderable amount in scrip. A fellow-fiddler, one Billy Waters, of cocked-hat and wooden-leg memory, died, it was said, a man of substance.\*

But to return to the more proficient street-musicians. Some of them, I have observed, particularly in the northern suburb of London, make a point of attending at the doors of certain houses at stated hours on particular evenings, as if the inmates had regularly employed them. And this, I have no doubt, is the case. I have frequently remarked that a harp and violin commence their operations exactly at six o'clock in the evening on the steps of a house near Tavistock Square. They are very good players, and usually attract an encouraging amount of stray custom over and above the nightly gratuity of their employers. Nor is this a solitary instance; a clarinet, harp, and violin, appear to have a series of similar engagements in the same neighbourhood. Two very good players of the harp and third or F flute, make a nightly tour of the supper-taverns, which abound in and near to Covent Garden, and the piazza is sometimes impassable from the crowd they collect. Amongst the inferior performers is an elderly decently-dressed man, who plays the harp, and being fat and independent, hires a little boy to carry his instrument from place to place, and to collect the coppers.

There is an old cleanly-dressed Frenchman who haunts the north and north-western outskirts, and wears an expression of face which has always interested me. It is a melancholy kind of content; as if he were reduced to a situation above which he sees no hope of rising. He looks like a relic of the great French revolution; and perhaps he is. He plays three instruments at once; but though they are of a kind to awaken a ludicrous rather than a sympathetic feeling, yet there is an orderly respectability about all his proceedings, which checks the rising smile. He has a guitar slung in front, a set of Pan's pipes is stuck up before his mouth, and he beats a drum tied to his back, with his elbow. His music is far from concordant, being only redeemed from the positively disagreeable by the lowness of its tones; but he seems unconscious of this himself, and takes as much pains to have everything in harmony as the best musicians might do. When, with a change of tune, he has to make a change of key, he drops little leaden plugs into some of his pipes to raise them half a note, gives a formal twist to the thumb-screws of his drum, and re-tunes his guitar. After all this preparation, he plays an air which, if it be in any key at all (a difficult

\* Numberless instances may be adduced of beggars accumulating fortunes. Lately, the newspapers reported that James Lovell, the (to Londoners) well-known gipsy tinkler, retired from the world the possessor of £700 in copper, gold, and silver, including a considerable heap of farthings.



matter to know), is in two at least; for the treble is sure to be in one key, and the accompaniment in another. Still, there is an earnestness and sentiment about all his actions, that has given me an interest in him; but I believe my admiration is unique, for I never saw another individual even look at him, much less give him alms.

The mention of sentiment and the guitar reminds me of a clever scheme carried out by a fellow who, dressing himself handsomely, and sporting mustachios, played and sung, a few years ago, in a fashionable summer resort near London. He gave out that he had been crossed in love, and was driven by sheer desperation to mitigate his sorrows in song. His voice was far from despicable; and by rolling about his eyes, and by certain "windy aspirations of the breath"—half sighing, half singing—he threw an exaggeration of feeling into his ditties, which told upon some of his auditors with amazing effect; inasmuch that many young ladies dipped largely into their pocket-money to encourage the interesting impostor; for, notwithstanding his sentimental propensities, he had a companion who was particularly assiduous in handing round the hat. At Richmond, where he first appeared, he did not last long; for, having failed to induce his male hearers to sympathise with his sorrows, he got threatened with the police, and removed to the Beulah Spa. A very tolerable singer has lately made his appearance in various parts of London without the least disguise as to his real intentions. He accompanies himself on a sort of dulcimer, or series of wires stretched across a sounding-board, which he strikes with hammers. He has a manly but coarse voice, and sings hunting and sea songs quite up to the open-air standard of vociferation.

The rest of the street singers may be dismissed in a few words. They are, for the most part, coarse and noisy minstrels. An old man and his two sons have long kept possession of "the squares" as glee singers, but are completely mediocre; neither too bad to be shunned, nor good enough to be sought. Ballad-singers are fast melting away before the energy of the new police; but there is one individual who, from his vocal prowess in announcing his flimsy wares for sale, has acquired the happy appellation of "copper-throat." The ballads which he rather sells than sings are pasted together for "three yards a penny;" and the humour of the thing consists in the erier jumbling their titles all together in one announcement, so as to produce an effect similar to cross-readings in a newspaper.

The street-music we have already described is either good, or just endurable; but there are other performances which are quite the reverse; and, besides musicians who take temporary or permanent stations, some keep continually moving while they play. At the head of this list are the four blind Highlanders who, in single file, and in the course of six or eight days, make the tour of the metropolis. A cracked clarinet, a shrill fife, a fiddle, and base-viol, are the instruments by means of which they announce their presence to a circumference of at least a mile. They are, simply, a nuisance; for their strathpeys and reels are so vilely mangled as to be hardly recognisable. When you hear them coming you have no hope. The organ under your window may go away after the third tune—the drum and tumblers may be warned off by the police—but these crawling evaders of an act of parliament, which declares that nothing is a nuisance which "moves on," gradually approach with their hideous sounds, till they pierce your ears, and set your whole nervous system ajar. On they creep, with an unvarying slowness, which no inducement will quicken; and half an hour elapses before they turn the corner. That is some relief; but still the horrible squealing of the fife pierces your brain, and you are only to be relieved by precipitate flight from home, or another half hour's patience, to allow the nuisance to die off in the distance. There is, however, a solitary purblind fiddler, who parades the streets without stopping, and acquits himself creditably. From a constant habit of playing Scotch tunes, he has acquired a peculiar jerk of the elbow, which gives a characteristic force to the marked rhythm of the music. The old hurdy-gurdy woman "Jenny" is another perambulator; but her pace is reasonably fast; and the grating sound which she grinds out of her instrument only sets your teeth on edge—a pleasant sensation compared with that produced by the Scotchmen. She and her attendant have something unaccountable about them. They are short, spare figures, of a build and material calculated to last. From my boyhood upward, I have noticed them, and can, upon my conscience, declare that they do not look a day older now than they did five-and-twenty years ago;

and even then they were known as old women. They pursue their way in their own peculiar jog-trot, with an earnestness that seems to imply they have not time to beg. Every step is accompanied by a fresh crash of the hurdy-gurdy, made with the monotonous precision of clock-work. How they subsist it is impossible to guess, for I have seen them at all times and seasons, and in every part of London, yet I never perceived that they received the smallest gratuity. Hurdy-gurdies may, however, be said to be abolished, with the above exception, organs and portable pianofortes having superseded them.

The greater number of these instruments are played by Italian and German boys. It appears from the evidence given before a recent parliamentary committee, that these boys are actually imported by speculators who reside in the eastern quarters of London, where they herd their victims together at night amidst the most offensive filth. Each youth is provided every morning with an instrument, and is bound to bring home a certain sum at night, or he is deprived of food till he makes it up by better fortune on subsequent days. The capital for carrying on such a concern must be very large, for there are few instruments that cost less than eight pounds, while some are worth double that sum, and these "music-masters" must possess a great many. There is a large organ which generally makes its appearance at night, and is said to be worth nearly a hundred pounds. At all events, a titled person who, a few months since, thought fit to put his fist through it, had to pay twelve pounds for the damage. This is of course the king of street-organs, and sounds at a distance like a small military band. It is drawn about by two Frenchmen, who seem to be making the speculation answer, for, wherever their organ is heard, a crowd is very soon collected. A great improvement has been made of late in the smaller organs: their tones are sweeter, and the tunes are pricked upon the barrel with some degree of musical taste. The recently introduced barrel-pianos, when new, may be heard with pleasure, but a little wear puts them completely out of tune. I remember only two old-fashioned hand-organs: one is drawn on a carriage by an ancient patriarch, who appears to despise innovation. His performance of the national anthem is rendered more original than pleasing, by the accident of the barrel having by some means got a twist, so that the treble of one bar is always being sounded along with the base of the bar preceding. This produces an effect upon the ears for which there is only one word—horrible. The other organ of the old school is in better condition, and would be harmless enough, were it not occasionally accompanied by the cracked pipe of a Frenchwoman, with her head bound up in a Belcher handkerchief. She screams *Le Solitaire* without the least "remorse or mitigation of voice," but occasionally drowns it with the jingling of a tambourine.

The curious may naturally inquire how these people, whose street-noises are the reverse of agreeable, pick up a subsistence. Upon this point two conjectures may be raised; firstly, they appeal in their own persons to the charity of the benevolent from being blind, lame, or otherwise helpless, and grind an organ or scrape a fiddle, merely to announce their presence and to call attention; secondly, the public frequently find it expedient to give them a gratuity to get rid of them. This fact forms the subject of a laughable farce called the "Wandering Minstrel," in which the hero, a street clarinet player, on being offered sixpence to go away, declares he never "moves under a shilling." A few years ago, a set of swindlers turned the nuisance to some account. They took a house or apartment in some fashionable street, and having obtained possession, got together a quantity of organs, drums, and other noisy instruments, which they continually thumped and ground. The landlord, glad to get rid of them at any price, was obliged to give them a sum of money to quit the premises, which was all they wanted. This incident was also turned into a farce at the Haymarket theatre, called "The Troublesome Lodger," but the noise of the concert disgusted even the audience, and the play was condemned.

Upon the whole, street-music may be declared to be a nuisance, in spite of the pleasing exceptions we have detailed. The chief evil is, that it pervades the public ways at the wrong time of day, when most people are employed in business; to which it is always an interruption. To the evening this objection does not always apply. A good band, for example, in public gardens on a summer's evening, ought to be encouraged, because whoever objects may remain away, whilst to many it adds to the pleasures of a promenade. Good players are, as we have seen, to be had for such a purpose, and might be encouraged; but those who play in the streets under false pretences, and are in fact beggars, ought to be treated as such, and their

noises abolished. But, in the present state of the law, this is impracticable; for though it inconsistently prevents them from asking, it does not forbid them from receiving alms.

#### LUCRETIA AND MARGARET DAVIDSON, THE POET CHILDREN OF PLATTSBURGH.\*

LUCRETIA.

MUCH attention has been excited in America by the touching history of the Misses Davidson of Plattsburgh, two remarkable victims of the disease which manifests itself in what is called precocious genius. The enlightened part of our own community is now becoming aware that precocious genius is the symptom of a disease, or perhaps we should speak more properly if we said an unhealthy organisation, and that it requires a very nice and careful treatment, in order that the dangers which it threatens may be averted. But still many are ignorant of the fact, and it is only too common to see the parents of youthful prodigies urging them to severe mental tasks, when their endeavour ought rather to be to tempt them to amusements, bodily exercise, and vacation of mind. Let such persons ponder on the story of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson.

These young ladies were the children of Dr Oliver Davidson, a medical man, we presume, in respectable circumstances. The mother is described as a woman of uncommonly susceptible feelings, and from her probably was derived that ardent temperament with which the daughters were so dangerously gifted. Both parents were alive in 1841. Lucretia, born in 1808, manifested a quick and studious mind when a mere child, and was early found liable to sudden alternations from high to low spirits. "As soon as she could read, her books drew her away from the plays of childhood, and she was constantly found absorbed in the little volumes that her father lavished upon her. Her mother, on one occasion in haste to write a letter, looked in vain for a sheet of paper. A whole quire had strangely disappeared from the table on which the writing implements usually lay: she expressed a natural vexation. Her little girl came forward confused, and said, 'Mamma, I have used it.' Her mother, knowing she had never been taught to write, was amazed, and asked what possible use she could have for it."

After some time, the mystery was explained. Although the child had as yet received no instruction in writing, she had filled one side of each sheet with a sketch of some familiar object; the other with Roman letters, some placed upright, others horizontally, obliquely, or backwards; not formed into words, nor spaced. Her parents pored over them till they ascertained that the letters were poetical explanations, in metre and rhyme, of the picture on the back of the paper. The first more regular attempt at composition was an epitaph on a pet robin. When about twelve, she accompanied her father to the celebration of Washington's birthnight, and the fête excited her enthusiasm; the result of which appeared the next day, when "her eldest sister found her absorbed in writing. She had sketched an urn, and written two stanzas beneath it. She was persuaded to show them to her mother; she brought them blushing and trembling. Her mother was ill in bed; but she expressed her delight with such unequivocal animation, that the child's face changed from doubt to rapture, and she seized the paper, ran away, and immediately added the concluding stanzas. When they were finished, her mother pressed her to her bosom, wept with delight, and promised her all the aid and encouragement she could give her. The sensitive child burst into tears. 'And do you wish me to write, mamma?—and will papa approve?—and will it be right that I should do so?' This trembling sensitiveness seems delightfully characteristic.

In her thirteenth year, the disposition to write seemed to have become an irresistible impulse. She penned her ideas rapidly, and sometimes expressed a wish that she had two pair of hands, to record as fast as she composed. Hitherto, she had attended a school in Plattsburgh; but in the following summer her health failed, and she was withdrawn from it to visit some friends in Canada. The novel scenes she there beheld, the cessation from study, and other causes, combined to renovate her health, and to fill her mind with bright and joyous emotions. But these were not the feelings of a volatile or thoughtless girl; her increased joyousness of spirit found vent in pious gratitude. She had already become deeply impressed with the truths of religion, and amongst her most favourite studies were the books of Job, Jeremiah, and the Psalms, which, even as literary compositions, must take the precedence of all existing poetry. During the winter of 1823, she devoted herself more than ever to reading, her parents apparently foreseeing no danger from such an indulgence. Yet, while more than a woman in intellect, she retained the innocence, simplicity, and modesty of a child. To this she added a degree of personal loveliness which attracted universal admiration.

With a view to removing an extreme timidity which

\* I. Poetical Remains of Lucretia Davidson, collected and arranged by her Mother; with a biography by Miss Sedgwick. Tilt and Bogue, London.

II. Life and Poetical Remains of Margaret M. Davidson, by Washington Irving. Id.



affected her, her mother was willing that she should enter a little into the gaieties suitable to her age. That important event, her first ball, was approaching; but how unyoung-lady-like was her conduct on the occasion! When the day arrived, Lucretia was found reading as usual, without one thought about the ball, and it was only when asked what she was to wear, that she remembered she had to attend it. Manifesting a girlish pleasure for a few minutes, she was quickly re-absorbed in her book. In the evening, when an elder sister went to seek her, in order to dress her hair, the young poetess was found engaged in the composition of a poem, moralising on what the world calls pleasure.

Shortly after, two events occurred in the quiet cottage household of the Davidsons: Lucretia's elder sister became a wife, and a younger sister was born, as if the loss of one loved companion was to be compensated by the appearance of another. On the 26th of March 1823, Margaret Miller Davidson, the other subject of these memoirs, came into the world. New emotions were called forth in Lucretia's mind by the event. The following lines from her published poems were written about this time:—

"Sweet babe! I cannot hope that thou'lt be freed  
From woes, to all since earliest time decreed;  
But may'st thou be with resignation blessed  
To bear each evil, howsoever distressed.

May Hope her anchor lend amid the storm,  
And o'er the tempest rear her angel form;  
May sweet Benevolence, whose words are peace,  
To the rude whirlwind softly whisper—cease!

And may Religion, Heaven's own darling child,  
Teach thee at human cares and griefs to smile;  
Teach thee to look beyond that world of woe,  
To Heaven's high fount whence mercies ever flow.

And when this vale of tears is safely passed,  
When death's dark curtain shuts the scene at last,  
May thy freed spirit leave this earthly sod,  
And fly to seek the bosom of thy God."

Strong as her passion for poetry was, there was a stronger feeling which predominated in Lucretia's mind, and this was filial love. After the birth of the infant, Mrs Davidson was very ill, "and to add," says Miss Sedgwick, "to the calamity, her monthly nurse was taken sick, and left her; the infant, too, was ill. Lucretia sustained her multiplied cares with firmness and efficiency; the conviction that she was doing her duty gave her strength almost preternatural. I shall again quote her mother's words, for I fear to enfeeble by any version of my own the beautiful example of this conscientious little being: 'Lucretia astonished us all; she took her station in my sick-room, and devoted herself wholly to the mother and the child; and when my recovery became doubtful, instead of resigning herself to grief, her exertions were redoubled, not only for the comfort of the sick, but she was an angel of consolation to her afflicted father. We were amazed at the exertions she made, and the fatigues she endured; for, with nerves so weak, a constitution so delicate, and a sensibility so exquisite, she trembled lest she should sink with anxiety and fatigue. Until it ceased to be necessary, she performed not only the duty of a nurse, but acted as superintendent of the household.' When her mother became convalescent, Lucretia continued her attentions to domestic affairs. 'She did not so much yield to her ruling passion as to look into a book, or take up a pen (says her mother), lest she should again become so absorbed in them as to neglect to perform those little offices which a feeble, affectionate mother, had a right to claim at her hands.'" But this self-denial was not accomplished without a great sacrifice. "Her mother detected tears occasionally on her cheeks, was alarmed by her excessive paleness, and expressed her apprehensions that she was ill. 'No, mamma,' she replied, 'not ill, only out of spirits.' Mrs Davidson then remarked that of late she never read or wrote. She burst into tears—a full explanation followed, and Lucretia was allowed again to take up her pen, though recommended to give it only a part of her time. Lucretia became once more cheerful, read and wrote, and practised drawing. She had a decided taste for drawing, and excelled in it. She sung over her work, and in every way manifested the healthy condition that results from a wise obedience to the laws of nature."

During Lucretia's fifteenth summer, she visited her married sister, Mrs Townsend, in Canada; and on returning to Plattsburgh, she resumed her poetic fancies. "It was about this time that she finished 'Amir Khan,' and began a tale of some length, which she entitled the 'Recluse of the Saranac.' 'Amir Khan' has long been before the public, but we think it has suffered from a general and very natural distrust of precocious genius. The versification is graceful, the story well developed, and the orientalism aptly sustained. We think it would not have done discredit to our best popular poets in the meridian of their fame; as the production of a girl of fifteen, it seems prodigious. On her mother discovering and reading a part of her romance, Lucretia manifested her usual shrinkings, and with many tears exacted a promise that she would not again look at it till it was finished. She never again saw it till after her daughter's death. Lucretia had a most whimsical fancy for cutting sheets of paper into narrow strips, sewing them together, and writing on both sides; and once playfully boasting to her mother of having written some yards, she produced

a roll, and forbidding her mother's approach, she measured off twenty yards! She often expressed a wish to spend one fortnight alone, even to the exclusion of her little pet-sister; and Mrs Davidson, eager to afford her every gratification in her power, had a room prepared for her use. Her dinner was sent up to her; she declined coming down to tea; and her mother, on going to her apartment, would find her writing, her plate untouched."

We now approach the darker shades of this touching history. A gentleman, who was an intimate and early friend of the Davidsons, to whom some of Lucretia's effusions were shown, saw in them a genius which he thought only required cultivation to become transcendent. He proposed to take upon himself the expense of her future education. The parents, already proud of so gifted a daughter, did not withstand the temptation which this offer held out; and on the 24th November 1824, Lucretia left her home to become an inmate of a ladies' seminary, which bears a high character in the state of New York. At first, the novelty of the change filled her letters with expressions of delight; but a home-sickness soon crept over her, and a deep tinge of melancholy pervades some of her succeeding communications. An arrangement of these boarding-schools, that bore very hard upon Miss Davidson, was the public examination, an ordeal trying enough to most young ladies, and not always unattended with injurious effects on health. The following playful verses of our heroine describe the troubles of the week preceding this grand exhibition:—

"One has a headache, one a cold,  
One has her neck in flannel rolled;  
Ask the complaint, and you are told,  
'Next week's examination.'

One frets and scolds, and laughs, and cries,  
Another hopes, despairs, and sighs;  
Ask but the cause, and each replies,  
'Next week's examination.'

One bans her books, then grasps them tight,  
And studies morning, noon, and night,  
As though she took some strange delight  
'In these examinations.'

The books are mark'd, defac'd, and thumb'd,  
The brains with midnight tasks benumb'd,  
Still, all in that account is summed,  
'Next week's examination.'

The examination, however, passed off creditably to Lucretia, though it is to be feared not without accelerating the fatal issue. It was now becoming too plain that this child of promise was to be one of those who fall in "the morn and liquid dew of youth." After a considerable interval in her correspondence, which excited the alarm of her friends, she wrote a letter which was scarcely legible, and which realised the worst fears. Mrs Davidson instantly set off to see her daughter. Lucretia's first words were, "Oh, mamma, I thought I should never have seen you again! But now I have you here, and can lay my aching head upon your bosom. I shall soon be better." It was resolved that she should be removed to Plattsburgh in spite of her debility, and the journey was accomplished without any apparently ill consequences. "Her joy upon finding herself at home," says her mother, "operated for a time like magic." The sweet health-giving influence of domestic love, the home atmosphere, seemed to suspend the progress of her disease, and again her father, brothers, and friends were deluded, all but the mother and the sufferer. She looked, with prophetic eye, calmly to the end. There was nothing to disturb her. That kingdom that cometh "without observation" was within her, and she was only about to change its external circumstances, about to put off the harness of life in which she had been so patient and obedient. To the last she manifested her love of books. A trunk filled with them had not been unpacked. She requested her mother to open it at her bedside, and as each book was given to her, she turned over the leaves, kissed it, and desired to have it placed on a table at the foot of her bed. There they remained to the last, her eye often fondly resting on them. This was "the ruling passion strong in death," for that was fast approaching.

Though it is not expressly stated in the memoir, we gather from the context that the gifted young poetess ended her brief career in July 1825. What must have deepened the grief of her friends was, the extreme personal beauty which, besides genius, Lucretia possessed. Latterly, her loveliness was much enhanced by the rose-like glow—deep, yet delicate—imparted to her cheeks by the fatal malady, consumption.

Of Miss Davidson's poetical talents there cannot be two opinions. Though the short pieces we have quoted exhibit no striking passages, or ideas which deserve to be called brilliant, yet they possess a more valuable quality—they are natural—they are girl-like. In Lucretia Davidson's poems, "there is," says Dr Southey, in the Quarterly Review, "enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power, to warrant any expectations, however sanguine, which the patrons, and the friends, and parents of the deceased could have formed."

Besides several short pieces, Lucretia Davidson's "Remains" contain the second part of a highly-wrought poetical tale of American-Indian warfare, called "Chicomeco." From "Amir Khan" we extract a moonlight scene, which it would be difficult to match

from the works of our best poets. It is all repose and gentleness:—

"Brightly o'er spire, and dome, and tower,  
The pale moon shone at midnight hour,  
While all beneath her smile of light  
Was resting there in calm delight;  
Evening with robe of stars appears,  
Bright as repentant Peter's tears,  
And o'er her turban's fleecy fold  
Night's crescent streamed its rays of gold,  
While every crystal cloud of heaven  
Bowed as it passed the queen of even.

Beneath—calm Cashmere's lovely vale\*  
Breathed perfumes to the sighing gale;  
The amaranth and tuberose,  
Convulvulus in deep repose,  
Bent to each breeze which swept their bed,  
Or scarcely kiss'd the dew and fled;  
The bulbul, with his lay of love,  
Sang 'mid the stillness of the grove;  
The gulnare's blushed a deeper hue,  
And trembling shed a shower of dew,  
Which perfum'd ere it kiss'd the ground,  
Each sapphire's pinion hovering round.  
The lofty plane-tree's haughty brow  
Glist'ring beneath the moon's pale glow;  
And wide the plain's arms were spread,  
The guardian of its native bed."

For the present we drop the curtain upon this touching tragedy. The fate of another and hardly less interesting actor has yet to be recorded.

### THE MAN OF THE SHORE.

It may be known to few of our countrymen, while traversing, in their quest of the "lions" of Paris, the bridge called the *Port des Arts*, that there is either now standing, or at least stood so lately as the year 1837, at the foot of that antique palace of the Louvre, teeming with historical recollections, a humble cabin, the modest construction of which does not offer a more striking contrast with the splendid architecture of the closely-adjointing seat of royalty, than its philanthropic dedication to the service and safety of mankind affords to the reflecting mind, with the reckless butchery directed, by the tyrant Charles IX., from the window of the lofty tower, under whose immediate shadow the nameless hut reposes.

But, obscure as were originally alike the dwelling and its occupant, the former has derived a sacredness, and the latter a name, from deeds which it is not always within the scope of even beneficent royalty to achieve. Victor Dacheux was a poor man, who, under the impulse of a humane disposition, devoted himself to the task of watching for and rescuing such persons as, from accident or design, had fallen into the Seine; and, wonderful as it may appear, he was able, in the course of a few years, to save in this way the lives of two hundred persons. He pursued this career not only, and without ever appearing to think of reward, till at length one of the 6000 franc prizes for virtue in humble life, instituted by the benevolent De Monthyon, was awarded to him, along with the cross of the legion of honour. It happened that, previous to that time, his little hut was swept away by a flood of the river; and the first use he made of the money was to rebuild it, that he might persevere in his philanthropic career. He also invented a sort of stomach-pump, or similar apparatus, for extracting from their lungs the air vitiated there by compression, and substituting in its place a pure element, previously warmed to the temperature of the body, and restoring, by this ingenious operation, their elasticity and play. This admirable discovery, extolled to the skies at the time by the chemical committee of the Academy of Sciences, whose report soon found its way into the public prints of other countries, procured for the benevolent inventor the most advantageous proposals from the British government, to induce him to transfer his establishment to the banks of the Thames. But Dacheux was a patriot as well as a philanthropist; and declining the 6000 francs (£240) per annum, offered him by England, preferred remaining in his own country, where a pension of 1200 francs (about £50) settled upon him by the city of Paris barely sufficed for his most urgent wants.

These were soon rendered more pressing and painful by family misfortunes; by pecuniary losses, incurred by his confiding, generous disposition; as well as by the bodily infirmities incident to a life of unremitting toil, and exposure by night and by day. Acute pains had begun to cripple his benevolent activity, and even slight paralysis was threatening its ultimate destruction; and the consequence was a state of poverty and destitution, carefully concealed, however, with manly pride, from the knowledge of every one, from the fear of having forced upon him any gratuity on rescuing a wealthier victim than ordinary from the waters. His penurious style of living was ascribed by some to economy, by others to avarice; and none perhaps knew, save the cheerful partner of his benevolent labours, the full extent of their mutual privations.

It was at this critical period that it pleased Providence to place him in circumstances of trial which many who stand the fairest in the opinion of the world might have found it difficult to resist. One night, while smoking his pipe as usual, his keen

\* Cashmere, called the happy valley, the garden in perpetual spring, and the Paradise of India.

† The bulbul, or nightingale.

‡ Gulnare, or rose.

§ The massacre of the Protestants on St Bartholomew's day.



experienced eyes fixed heedfully upon the river, he perceived the body of a man drifting slowly along its course. In two minutes he had doffed his clothes, and was in the middle of the stream, grasping the object he vainly hoped to save. But alas! the decomposition of the body proved it to have been long the prey of the waters—a late rise of the river having disengaged it from some obstacle which prevented its earlier appearance on the surface. All that Dacheux could do was to note down any discernible particulars respecting the evidently aged sufferer; but on removing his decaying garments, no clue to his name or residence could be found; nothing but an old leathern pocket-book containing twenty-four bank bills for 1000 francs each. These Dacheux dried with the utmost care, and replaced them in the pocket-book, in a secret drawer of his little desk, unknown even to his wife and children, so much did he fear lest their extreme destitution should tempt them to infringe on the sacredness of the deposit. He had, besides, little doubt that the advertisements he intended to insert in the public papers would quickly bring forward the owners or heirs of so considerable a sum, which he promised himself no small pleasure in handing over to them.

He lost no time in conveying the dead body to the Morgue,\* where it remained exposed during the whole time prescribed by the law; but no one came forward to recognise or claim it. He continued to intimate in the papers, for months together, that such a person, whom he described, had been found by him (apparently carried off by apoplexy, and fallen by accident into the river) between the Pont des Arts and the Port Royal; and that his valuable effects remained with the finder, only awaiting any owner who could prove his title to their possession. Nay, he went so far as to declare, that though no scrap of writing affording a clue had been discovered on the deceased, there were sufficient effects in his hands, and particulars in his memory, to lead to an identification.

There was enough here to move both cupidity and curiosity, and bring forward swarms of pseudo-relatives, who found their match, however, in the wary as well as faithful trustee. Many bona fide mourners for missing individuals came also with better founded hopes and proofs of identity; but none would tally with the no less eager hopes and wishes of good Dacheux. He was therefore compelled, notwithstanding all his disinterested exertions, to retain in his possession the twenty-four bank bills, about which he still thought it his duty to maintain inviolable secrecy. Lest, however, sudden death amid the perils of his vocation should carry him off from his family, he placed beside the old pocket-book a paper in his hand-writing, solemnly enjoining his wife and children, should no owner have previously appeared, to hand over the contents to some competent authority.

Three years passed away, and no relative or even acquaintance had come forward to lament the deceased. Times, meanwhile, had gone harder than ever with Dacheux. A bitter winter covered the Seine with blocks of ice, which partly destroyed his humble cabin, shattered nearly all his furniture, and left his family all but destitute. His wife and faithful associate in acts of humanity was seized with a serious illness, requiring constant nursing and expensive medicines; while he himself was attacked with acute rheumatism, which crippled him for a time in every limb. In the midst of all this distress, it was little the labour of his children could add to the small income of the suffering household; but if even the sick man's glance rested for a moment with a wishful expression on the desk which contained the twenty-four bank bills, its upward direction would immediately seem to say, "Please God, whatever may be the extent of our trials, I will keep sacred to the last the charge He has intrusted to me!"

His eye rested upon it with a proud and delighted consciousness of integrity rewarded, when, shortly after (in a ceremony at which the writer was present), a deputation from the free masons of Paris, in presence of more than twelve hundred spectators of all ranks and ages, waited upon him with a voluntary subscription, sufficient to replace on its original footing his benevolent establishment, and conferred upon him, amid shouts of applause and admiration, the unfading title of "*L'Homme du Rivega*!"†

But it was not only as an asylum for the resuscitated from drowning that this good Samaritan's house was gratuitously restored. It had long been the resort of every wounded workman on the banks of the Seine. If, by the collision of two unwieldy wood rafts, a poor fellow got a bruise on the arm or a jam of the leg, he would hobble as best he might to good Monsieur Dacheux, and have his hurts dressed as skilfully and more kindly than in any hospital. If a poor female faggot-seller stumbled under her burden, while climbing the steep steps of the Quai de L'Ecole, and got, as may be supposed, an ugly fall, her legs would still drag her to Madame Dacheux, where the softest bandage and most healing ointment were set off by motherly sympathy and Christian charity. Not a day passed over in this lowly cottage without affording instances of humanity, to witness which (as the writer has often done) he feels to be a privilege, and to record them a duty.

Among the many wounded persons thus claiming the good offices of the "Man of the Shore," there came, one fine spring evening, a young man, whose right hand had been grievously crushed by a barrel of salt-petre, which had slipped from him a few minutes before while rolling it on the quay. The thumb seemed well nigh destroyed, and two fingers terribly lacerated; and the agony of the sufferer was so intense, that, spite of his bodily strength, tears were trickling down his face. The skilful Dacheux, after washing, according to his custom, the formidable-looking wound with warm wine, declared there was no fracture. But the hurt was of a nature to require the greatest care and attention, and having bandaged it up with the proper applications, and prepared a sling, he strongly advised the youth to return twice a-day to have his arm dressed, as long as it remained unhealed.

This was not an invitation to be despised, and the lad failed not to avail himself of it, night and morning, for several following days. The wound, serious as it was, soon did credit to the skill of the well-known cottage practitioners; and the jolly young workman, one of the handsomest specimens of humanity among his companions, soon recovered his naturally high spirits. No sooner was his cure completed, than he came one Sunday, in his holiday attire, to salute his physician, and asked, with well-meaning abruptness—"What do I owe you, Monsieur Dacheux?" "And what do you mean by that, my good friend?" "Mean! why, to pay you your dues. Five-and-twenty dressings, and all that linen and ointment, must come to"—"Neither more nor less than a shake of the hand, my dear fellow! Show me you can bear a squeeze of the one I cured, and we are quits. I never take money from any one." "Oh, that will never do; and though I am but a porter on the quay, and have both my mother and grandmother on my hands, I have wherewithal to pay, I assure you." "And I assure you once more that you owe me nothing. But tell me what countryman you are?" "I come from Villeneuve-la-Roi, near Sens. My father was killed at Austerlitz; they say he was a gallant fellow. I never knew him. My mother, left a widow at nineteen, with no child but me, went to live with her father, who was a dealer in wines, and had, I may say, as pretty a bit of land on the banks of the Yonne, and as snug a house at Villeneuve as you could see. Well, we've had to sell it all!" "And for what reason?" "D'ye see, Monsieur Dacheux, my poor grandfather, one of the honestest men in the world, had but one fault—he liked his glass. I'm afraid I take after him. He was employed as a salesman by some of the first houses at Sens, and came on their account to recover money for them in Paris. One day, when he had received a pretty large sum, he disappeared, without our ever having been able to get the smallest tidings of his fate. He was subject to fits of blood to the head, poor old man; and no doubt this had happened to him somehow, and rogues must have taken advantage of it to rob and bury him secretly. But it was the worse for us. The Paris merchants could prove they had paid him the money, and as we had nothing to show for it, the wine-growers of Sens, of course we had to satisfy them, which left us without a sou. My grandmother fretted herself into a palsy, and my poor mother having no means of living at Villeneuve, had to come to Paris; where she toils hard making shirts for my fellow-workmen, and I get, when all goes well, three francs a-day, so that, with the help of God, we manage to live." "Pray, what might be your grandfather's age?" "Hard upon seventy." "And his height?" "Much the same as mine, about five feet ten." "And his name, if you please?" "Why, the same I bear after him, Maurice Goddard." "And may I ask the amount of the sum which he had drawn, and you were forced to make good?" "Just twenty-four thousand francs, enough to ruin us but not out. But why do you ask me all these questions?" "Why, to be useful to you, if I should have opportunity." "How you do look at me, Monsieur Dacheux!" "Not for nothing, believe me; you have inspired me with a lively interest. I have taken a great fancy to know your mother and grandmother likewise." "We're highly honoured, I'm sure; but if so, you'll have to take the trouble to call on us, for the poor dear old woman is past moving." "You may expect me to-morrow: what address?" "Rue Boucher, No. 15, up five pair of stairs. Oh! how delighted they'll be when I tell them of your visit! They know that to you I owe my cured hand. Good-bye, Monsieur Dacheux." "Till to-morrow, friend Goddard."

Early next day, the "Man of the Shore" was at the house specified, eager to confirm by authentic proofs the surmises floating in his mind. He found the humble abode distinguished by the peculiar neatness of those who have seen better days. The venerable grandmother, seated in her wheeling chair, seemed, in spite of bodily infirmity, in possession of all her faculties. Her daughter-in-law, Maurice's mother, was busy at her needle, while her son read to both, from an old paper, the report of the honours conferred on Dacheux by his grateful countrymen. His presence gave rise to transports of joy in this worthy family. Madame Goddard blessed him for his care of her son; and the old palsied woman thanked him for the last bright gleam on her declining years.

It was not difficult to turn the conversation to the lost head of the united family—his painful disappearance, and the sad consequences which ensued from it. But the holder of the twenty-four thousand francs

had enough to do to conceal his secret emotion, while putting to those, so deeply interested, the questions dictated by prudence. "Had your husband," he inquired of the old woman, "no mark or token by which he could have been recognised?" "Oh! dear yes," was her ready answer; "the poor fellow was in the first wars of the revolution, and had two fingers shot off at the battle of Fleurus." "From which hand?" "The left: and then at the great battle of Jemmapes he got a sabre cut from the right ear to the chin, which left such a lovely scar!" "And may I ask if there was anything remarkable in his dress: what did he usually wear?" "Oh, at the time he was lost, an old gray great-coat (for it was cold dirty weather), and under it an old hussar jacket, which he could only wear out so." "Oh," added Maurice's mother, "you forget he always wore a silver watch with a steel chain"—"Yes!" said the old dame sighing, "with a gold heart hanging from it, which I had given him the day we were engaged, and which never left him." "But," abruptly interrupted Dacheux, now almost sure he was right, "a man in the habit of receiving sums of money must have carried a pocket-book." "To be sure he did," replied three voices at once. "And of what colour?" "Oh, black leather originally, but so worn by use, that you might have half fancied it red." "And fastened," said the mother, "with a little steel clasp." "And inside," again sighed the grandmother, "my poor Goodman always carried an image of his patron saint St Maurice, which I gave him, when I was a girl, once upon his birthday. Ay me! 'tis a long, long while ago!" "But, sir," young Maurice could not help saying, "methinks, from your eager looks and anxious questionings, one might almost suppose you had some object in view."

"I have," replied Dacheux, convinced, from all these particulars, that the rightful heirs he had sought for so many years in vain, now stood before him; "I have indeed a notion, that, about the time you mention, an old man was taken out of the river, on whom a pocket-book was found; and I should not be at all surprised if you were to get back all it contained." "You don't say so! and wouldn't it come apropos to let me marry Celestine, whom they won't let have me, because I have nothing?" "And pray, who may Celestine be?" "The prettiest girl on all the quay, for whom I am dying. Fancy, Monsieur Dacheux, their letting me fall in love with her, and never hindering her a bit from loving me again; and then when I wanted of course to marry her, asking me what I had to marry upon! And when I said just my four quarters, and I am sure they are substantial enough, they laughed in my face, and Celestine cried, and I was like to choke. I appeal to you, Monsieur Dacheux, could a poor fellow be worse used?" "And who is the father of your bride elect?" "Monsieur Aubert, a rich fellow in the cider line." "Ay! I should have something to say with him; for last summer, no farther back, I fished out his only son, who was taken with a fit while swimming at high water in the Seine. I'll see what can be done for you this very evening in that quarter; and you may come and hear the result at twelve o'clock to-morrow." "Oh! I'll be there without fail; but, dear sir, do you think there are any hopes?" "It would be rash to promise; but we'll see." "Ah! sir," said the youth's mother modestly, "you would be doing us all a great service, for the poor boy neither eats nor sleeps as he used to do." "Well, good people, all shall be done that lies in the power of man; but you have reason to look higher for the possible comfort and consolation of your latter days. I dare say no more at present; we shall meet to-morrow."

So saying, he left this interesting family, casting behind him a last look, so expressive of satisfaction, that we need not wonder if it laid the foundation for a thousand fond conjectures. None of them, however, came up in the faintest degree to the series of agreeable surprises awaiting them next day at the hands of the most upright and most friendly of human beings.

On Maurice's arrival at the cottage of Dacheux, he found there before him the father of his mistress, the same who had laughed to scorn his former pretensions; but who, meeting him now with the most cordial frankness, said, "Excuse me, Maurice, for having received somewhat coldly your request for my daughter's hand; but why did you conceal from me that you were worth four-and-twenty thousand francs, and that you were only waiting an opportunity to purchase warehouses and set up for yourself?" "What is all this you are saying?" stammered the bewildered Maurice; "hang me if I comprehend a word of it!"

"It shall be explained to you," replied good Dacheux, flying to his desk, and bringing forth the deposit so long and so discreetly preserved; "here is your own. If this pocket-book had contained a single name, the least word of direction to any one, you would have been put in possession of it next day, and your poor grandmother's property have been saved from the hammer. But though long foiled in my researches, it has pleased Heaven to grant me at length the joy of restoring it to its lawful proprietors. It can only belong to those who have so well described it; look at this black leather reddened by long use, this old steel clasp, and, above all, at the image of St Maurice. These twenty-four bank bills make the exact sum drawn by your grandfather, and which he was no doubt carrying back to his employers when, surprised by treacherous liquor, he fell into the Seine. Let this

\* A building appropriated expressly for the reception of all victims of accident or suicide. The latter is fatally common in Paris.

† Literally, the Man of the Shore, or bank.



be a lesson, young man, to yourself!" "Ah, Monsieur Dacheux, there is little fear of my forgetting it. But are you really quite sure this pocket-book was my grandfather's?" "Yes; by the tokens of this silver watch, which was also upon him, and the little steel chain from which still hangs your grandmother's golden heart, and by that of the two fingers of the left hand which were missing from the old man I drew out of the river, and the scar from the tip of the right ear to the chin. How could all these marks meet in any but the right person? Nay, my own heart tells me this restitution is the dictate of Heaven. I am too happy in making it, to be under any delusion."

So saying, he warmly embraced the delighted young man, whose honest gratitude found vent in the expressions of unsophisticated nature, and whose goodness of heart soon prompted him to make his relatives at home the sharers of his joy. Panting and breathless, scarce able to speak for delight, he announced to the two dear maternal friends of his youth the happy change in their circumstances, and thrust into the shaking hand of his grandmother the well-known pocket-book, saying, as he did so, in his turn, "Here is your own." "Nay, yours, my children," exclaimed the pained one, exerting, to transfer it, more strength than she had done for long; "methinks I feel reviving already, and as though God might yet grant me to see my great-grandchildren."

The marriage of Maurice with Celestine Aubert took place soon after, and joining his father-in-law, whose experience in the cider trade was very extensive, they were soon at the head of that flourishing branch of business. The old grandmother quitted her lodging up five pair of stairs, and came to live with her daughter and the young couple on the Quai de L'Ecole, where the good air she breathed, and the sight of her children's happiness, so far restored her, that she could rally forth on crutches, to thank in person the author of all their prosperity. She and the friends and neighbours by whom she was accompanied, found the indefatigable friend of humanity engaged in his vocation, having just rescued from a watery grave an interesting young woman, making, with her unborn infant, the 215th life he had been enabled to preserve.

Every one present crowded round the general benefactor, proclaiming him the honour of his country, and a model for mankind; and all united in beseeching him to continue, while strength permitted, his heroic career, exclaiming, "Never will your memory perish from that of your fellow-citizens, or that proudest of titles with which they have thought fit to associate it, when they conferred on you the affecting surname of The Man of the Shore."

#### PROVINCIAL LITERATURE.

THE first establishment of a press in a country town is always a matter of local gratulation—an event in the history of the burgh. Hitherto the town has been dependent on the nearest city for all products of the typographic art, from the announcements of the rural auctioneer to the regular newspaper; now, all such marks of inferiority are in the way of removal. The types have arrived, the printing-press is set up, an operative of skill has been engaged, and at length a handbill is actually wrought off and offered to public admiration; the town of — is added to the long list of communities which rejoice in this most useful and wonderful of inventions.

No human happiness, however, is unalloyed. The possession of a printing-press, like that of every other object of desire, brings new troubles not previously foreseen. The wits of all the geniuses within a dozen miles round are at work, and there is a talk of a newspaper—something in which the interests of the district will be properly looked after, local merit brought forward, and a stimulus given to all kinds of social improvement. The thing being an acknowledged desideratum, meets with universal promises of encouragement; and after no small augmentation of the typographic mechanism, the newspaper is started. With what eager hopes and half-formed fears is this new candidate for popular favour received! The credit of the town is at stake. It must succeed!

The town of — is now launched into the great sea of printing, as boundless as the ocean, and as unfathomable. One press breeds another; a rival paper has also been pronounced to be a desideratum—a term of inexpressible convenience to writers of prospectuses—and so another candidate for popular suffrage opens on its feverish career. As few country towns are of more than one newspaper power, the two rivals now cut and thrust away at each other in famous style; their only chance for existence, apparently, being in the spice with which they season their respective pages. With varying success the war continues for years; sometimes brisk and uncompromising, at others with the lull of an untrifling armistice. In the regular warfare of nations, etiquette sets bounds to destruction. It is politely conceded on both sides, that red-hot balls and steam-guns would make too speedy and complete a finish of the campaign. But the wars of the press are governed by no such fastidiousness. On the venerable principle of every man for himself,

one of the editorial belligerents steals a cruel march on his adversary. The state of the times demands it. This ungenerous stroke of paper-warfare the practised reader will at once perceive to be the setting up of a machine. The old and well-toiled hand-press is declared to be no longer endurable. That which was once crowned with burghal honours is now put aside as little better than a piece of useless lumber;—it will do very well for the Shetland islands, Otaheite, or the newly-discovered continent at the South Pole, but it will not do any longer for a country in which everything is flying up and down with railway speed;—anybody may have it for the price of the metal.

And so the town of — is electrified some fine morning with the intelligence that two wagons, each drawn by four horses, have arrived at the office of "The Express," loaded with the most extraordinary-looking machinery—huge iron cylinders, wheels, racks, and pinions; and the mouth of a prostrate steam-engine is already seen pointed like a cannon ready to fire down the main thoroughfare; while a couple of strangers in fustian jackets, said to be engineers, are reported as the geni who are to inspire the mysterious apparatus with its powers of motion. "Such changes of times! such changes!" say the old cowed heads of the burgh, as they meet to wonder over this fresh importation into a place where the large water-wheel at the mill, daily performing its lazy rounds, has hitherto been the sole specimen of the engineering art. "Well, well; it is an improvement, I daresay; but it was surely a better world when people did not require to be in such a violent hurry."

The establishment of the printing machine works quite a revolution. "The Express," enlarged in size, vies with the metropolitan prints alike in the copiousness of its matter and beauty of its execution; it likewise comes up to time with surprising regularity, and, as a great feather in its cap, never loses a single post.

Here we leave our worthy little town to struggle onward in its course of improvement. Among the many things which we have reason to be proud of in these islands, is that of our provincial press—a thing to which continental Europe can show no resemblance whatever, and which is by no means paralleled by the paltry and distempered prints—many of them an outrage on decency—which issue from the second and third-rate towns of the North American states. Considering the limited field of enterprise in which many of our Scottish provincial papers make their appearance, it is not a little remarkable to find them generally well sustained as respects literary endowments; and though often too much affected by party and sectarian views, always respectable—never governed by mean motives—in no case the property of vulgar demagogues or insidious quacks.

But there is another class of prints for which Scottish towns have been somewhat distinguished, we mean locally; and it may not be out of place to say a few words on this peculiarity of our provincial literature. We do not know any town of three or four thousand inhabitants and upwards, which has not, at some time, made the creditable effort to support a purely literary periodical, either in the shape of a small monthly magazine, or detached sheet issued at shorter intervals. One of the earliest attempts of this kind was made at Dunbar about thirty years ago, by the late Mr Miller, who carried on his "Cheap Magazine" to the extent, if we recollect rightly, of two volumes. It was embellished with some plain woodcuts, then a rare thing in literature, and had unquestionably the merit of being the first periodical devoted to a humble order of readers. We remember, also, once seeing a Lanark magazine, which went the length of a few numbers; likewise a Falkirk magazine, which contained some meritorious pieces; an Aberdeen magazine, which was ably conducted, and had a pretty extensive circulation; a Dumfries weekly magazine, of old date; a Dumfries monthly magazine, of more recent growth, edited by Mr McDiarmid, which extended to three volumes, and was deserving of encouragement; and a Paisley magazine, or rather magazines, for Paisley has long had a popular press, and now turns out a remarkably handsome Annual—the only one in Scotland. Berwick and Kelso, too, have had their magazines and sheets; and lately, we were pleased with observing that Galashiels had started a clever little print, though we have not heard with what success. The border towns are clearly among the most enterprising in this way; Dumfries, in particular, has had several periodicals, independently of its magazines; one called the "Southern Mirror" existed in 1831; and now, a new attempt is made by the establishment of a fortnightly publication, styled the "Dumfries, Galloway, and Border Magazine." We have perused the first three numbers of this neatly-executed work, and offer our hearty wishes for the success which it eminently deserves. With respect to provincial efforts of the press, it would be wrong not to add, that besides the foregoing, and numerous other literary periodicals, of which our recollection is more faint, including several in Glasgow, Perth, and Dundee, various towns, too small for newspapers, have established monthly advertising sheets, embracing a quantity of miscellaneous information, and usually sold at a penny. Among other places in which this enterprising scheme has been tried, we may instance Dunfermline, Alloa, Haddington, Linlithgow, and Hawick. Latterly, a similar class of prints has been established in various

towns in England, and, we believe, with equal success.\*

The general anxiety manifested to establish literary journals in our country towns, cannot, we think, be viewed with indifference by those professing to be interested in social advancement. Unfortunately, from inexperience in the details of the literary craft, and other circumstances, these sheets are seldom of long standing, and sink only to rise again in a new shape, and with renewed hopes. One reason for their frequent failure is unquestionably the over-ambitious tone which they assume. To the support of metropolitan prints, enormous exertions and outlays are generally necessary; and yet, with all appliances and means, few are ultimately successful. For provincial papers, without a highly paid corps of writers and other resources, to attempt anything like a competition with these publications is very unadvisable. Without dropping a dependence on subjects of general literature, it appears to us that the true line of policy for provincial editors should consist in stimulating local feelings and tastes, and affording instruction on those topics already known but ill understood in the district. Let us hint, for example, such subjects as local history and antiquities; the geological features and zoological phenomena of the district; biographic sketches of eminent individuals connected with the town or county; suggestions on the improvement of those arts in which the people of the neighbourhood appear deficient; topographic and statistical papers; traditions, &c. And surely there are few counties in Scotland which do not abound in materials for such subjects, and which, if properly treated, could not fail to rouse popular attention. By intermingling these materials with the fancies of a lighter literature, the provincial print would possess a very peculiar and independent value. In short, one of the main elements of success now wanting in this order of publications would be obtained; a deep local interest would be excited; and supply following on the heels of demand, the work would secure a standing which nothing but mismanagement could upset. The hint, at least, is offered in a friendly spirit; and so, with many kind wishes, we bid our brethren in the provinces farewell.

#### "THE HIGHLAND NOTE-BOOK."†

WE had scarcely finished the preceding article on Provincial Literature, when, by a lucky coincidence, we had popped in upon us a clever little volume, from our friend Carruthers of Inverness, styled "The Highland Note-Book," embracing a variety of that species of articles which we have hinted as extremely suitable for the pages of country-town periodicals. Mr Carruthers, as the editor of the "Inverness Courier," a paper of more than local fame, wisely enlivens his columns with occasional sketches of the topography, natural history, antiquities, and traditions of the northern division of the kingdom; thus, in reality, collecting and preserving what would otherwise be in a great measure lost or unheard of, and therefore performing a most useful part in the scheme of general literature. On the present occasion, he has, with meritorious diligence, thrown his stray miscellaneous sketches into the form of a neat pocket volume, and which we trust will meet with the success it appears to deserve. Everywhere we find vivacity and rich allusion, to which is added, in the Highland scenes, a poetical feeling for nature in her grander and wilder moods. Thus, with little appearance of effort, a volume has been formed, over which a vacant hour can be spent very agreeably. By way of specimens of the work, we take leave to select the following:—

#### THE POOR STROLLING PLAYER.

About the latter end of October 1837, when autumn was fading into winter, a poor strolling player, his wife, and two children—a fine boy and girl—arrived at Lairg, in the county of Sutherland. A more unpromising place for a theatrical exhibition can hardly be conceived. The few inhabitants are separated on all sides by rugged mountains, which impart a feeling of utter solitude and seclusion to the scene. A cluster of cottages, however, lie about the manse, on the south side of Loch Shin, and there are huts scattered among the hills which, though they at first elude observation, are rife with inmates. The player resolved to try a performance, but, it being Saturday evening, he deferred astonishing the simple people till Monday or Tuesday. He put up at the inn, and the respectable landlord informed us that the intelligence and information of the man made a strong impression on all who heard him.

There is something very agreeable in the conversation of players. They are generally, even in the lowest ranks, acute and knowing observers—well versed in the moral statistics of town and country—admirable in hitting off little traits of character, and imparting a lively dramatic interest to their observations. Their profession compels

\* The stamp-office authorities having determined that these monthly sheets fall within the term "newspapers," and require to be stamped, we should recommend the publishers to dismise everything like news from their pages, and confine themselves to subjects purely literary, according to the recommendations in the text.

† The Highland Note-Book, by R. Carruthers, Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1843.



them to read—and to read Shakespeare, as well as the light wit of our comedies. This supplies them with an abundant stock of language for criticism and quotation; and it must be confessed they are seldom sparing of either. Then there are many eccentric characters on the stage—old performers, known to the whole fraternity, whose *bon-mots* and peculiarities form a circulating medium of never-failing talk. He flings himself into the current of conversation, careless where it may carry him, whether out of plummet depth or into shoals and shallows. Generally, it gives a force and piquancy to his fireside dialogues. But the whole life of a player seems to be an "unreal mockery." The lights and shades of truth and fiction meet and mingle in his composition. To the sober business of the world he is almost a stranger. The scene is constantly shifting—now rolling in plenty and profusion, now steeped in poverty to the lips—one day himsed or neglected, and another day caressed and applauded to the very echo. What wonder that his character should sometimes take the motley hue of his existence, and baffle all the calculations of the moralist? We speak only of the wandering actor. The stage is adorned by many estimable, and not a few great men, whose learning and talents dignify a profession that, even in its lower grades, is still intellectual. Pity that even the most obscure of those who minister to our delight should too often find life but an "insubstantial pageant," fading into premature age, sickness, and poverty!

The poor unknown wanderer we have alluded to was not destined to gratify the people of Lairg by "fretting his hour" upon their stage. He set out to rouse the country and collect an audience, taking with him his son to bear him company over the mountains. Neither of them returned; the play was, of course, postponed; and day passed after day without bringing any tidings of the actor or his boy. The wife and daughter departed, and the circumstance was forgotten, when, nine months afterwards, in August 1838, on a solitary part of the farm of Shiness, the bodies of a man and boy were discovered in a state of great decomposition. The occurrence was noised abroad, and the mouldering remains were identified by the people of Lairg as those of the unfortunate stroller and his son. It has been conjectured that they had lost their way among the hills, and were overtaken by a storm, which they had not strength to resist. They had apparently sunk down on the ground exhausted, and the boy's head was supported by his father, who had thrown over it a part of his coat, as a protection from the night or the storm. The man's name and history are unknown; and thus perished the lone outcast of the drama, with his unfortunate son, in a land of strangers, amidst the wildest scenes of nature, and under circumstances as touching as any which ever drew tears on the stage. What a contrast to the gay and crowded theatres in which the poor player had probably performed in his better days! After all his bustling toils and dreams of ambition, to be thus cut off; his boy dying, or dead, within his arms, under the inclement skies, and his wife and daughter vainly expecting their return!

"The angel of death in the desert had found him,  
And stretch'd him unseen by the side of the hill."

LYNEDECH—"BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY."

Lyne-doch cottage, the seat of the venerable Lord Lyne-doch, stands on the banks of the river Almond, about six miles from Perth. The house is truly a cottage, but it opens into a conservatory and flower-garden, kept in exquisite order, with the river murmuring below. A more secluded spot can hardly be conceived. The surrounding grounds consist of green pastoral hills and dells, succeeding each other like waves of the sea; and though fertile and cultivated fields are in the distance, not another house or cottage is visible. About half a mile from the aged warrior's nest is a spot still more retired, though famous in Scottish song; it is the grave of the two heroines, "Bessy Bell and Mary Gray," whose simple and touching story has been embalmed by some rustic poet, in a copy of verses that has floated down through generations of readers.

Allan Ramsay first published a version of this song in his "Tea-Table Miscellany," 1724; but Allan was more deficient in taste than genius, and he has destroyed the simple tenderness of the old ballad. Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe has recovered the original stanzas, which are as follows:—

"O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
They war twa bonnie lassies!  
They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,  
And theekit it o'er wi' rushes.  
They theekit it o'er wi' rushes green,  
They theekit it o'er wi' heather;  
But the pest cam frae the burrows town,  
And slew them both together!  
They theekit to lie in Methven kirkyard  
Among their noble kin,  
But they maun lie on Lyne-doch brae  
To beek forement the sun.  
And Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,  
They war twa bonnie lassies!  
They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,  
And theekit it o'er wi' rushes."

In 1645, the city of Perth was sadly desolated with the plague. Three thousand of the inhabitants died, and numerous parties went to the country to escape the contagion, and built huts for themselves among the solitary hills. The grounds near the river Almond are expressly stated, in a contemporary manuscript, as having been the scene of some of these erections; and thither, among others, according to the tradition of the country, went Bessy Bell, daughter of the Laird of Kinvaid, and Mary Gray, daughter of the Laird of Lyne-doch. They were both eminent beauties—the flowers of Almond water. The infection was accidentally carried to their "bower" by some young gentleman, who came to visit them in their solitude, and both died, and were interred on the spot. The dread of contagion had no doubt prevented their interment "among their noble kin." Lord Lyne-

doch has put an iron railing round the grave, and planted some yew trees beside it. The peasantry had long decorated it with flowers, and all the lads and lasses made annual pilgrimages to a spot consecrated by so many tender and affecting associations. The scene is well calculated to deepen such impressions. It is at the foot of a high bank, completely sheltered and concealed by a wood; but in front of the place where the fair friends "biggit their bower," is a plot of delicious greensward, visited by the setting sun, and the river murmurs past with a ceaseless but gentle flow, that gives a feeling of something like life and animation to the secluded scene. Many of our old ballads and airs have a melancholy character, but there is none more touching than this of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray. It is a romance of the heart, and on such a subject a few rude verses have a secure foundation. Even Queen Victoria's progress in Perthshire will be sooner forgotten than this simple country story; and the grave of the unfortunate maidens will be visited when the royal footsteps have ceased to be remembered.

#### TWO ZEALOUS CICERONES.

The ruined cathedral of Elgin is, in extent, richness of architecture, and magnificence of design, inferior only to Melrose Abbey; and its late beadle, old John Shanks, who was gathered to his fathers on the 14th April 1841, was worthy of being its chosen and delighted conservator. His unwearied enthusiasm in clearing away the rubbish which encumbered the area of the cathedral, and obscured its architectural beauties, may be gathered from the fact, that he removed, with his pick-axe and shovel, 2866 barrowfuls of earth, besides disclosing a flight of steps that led to the grand gateway of the edifice. Tombs and figures which had long lain hid in obscurity were unearthed, and every monumental fragment of saints and holy men was carefully preserved, and placed in some appropriate situation. The carved stones which he discovered in the course of his excavations seemed all familiar friends. They were his companions for many years, and it was amusing to see how he looked upon the sculptured remains of a mitred bishop, or caressed the effigy of a dog, which "the old Duke of Gordon considered the most natural he ever saw in stone." In the chapter-house he took peculiar pride and pleasure; and he would sometimes slyly hint, as he pointed out a poor priest with the gag in his mouth, or the rich man in torment, that none of those who had ever interfered, or obstructed him in his improvements, had prospered! He went on from day to day, and from year to year, in his work of restoration. The chapter-house, with its beautiful pillar, and groined roof, and bishops' stalls—the sacristy and piscina—the offices of priest and warrior—and all the long glories of the sacred edifice, from the great gate to the *apprentice aisle*, were kept with exquisite order and neatness. It was said by Livy, the Roman historian, that, by gazing on antiquities, the mind itself becomes antique; and this was strikingly evinced in the case of John Shanks. From daily intercourse, he seemed to look upon the sacred relics as living beings, amongst whom his lot was cast; and he walked about the ruins, satisfied that his duty, and his worship of the past, were of a high and elevated character. The engineer of Napoleon, when he surveyed the route of the Simplon, or Telford, when he saw the last chain of the Menai Bridge suspended, was not more happy than John Shanks when he gazed down the vast pile, trim and smooth, and adjusted in all its parts as carefully as a lady's boudoir, and surveyed in silent admiration the work of his hands. The self-complacency of the old man was fostered by the admiration and applause of all strangers. He had received from his fellow-townsmen a fine silver snuff-box, with a view of the cathedral engraved upon it; and his praise had been sung by a gentleman well-known for his classical attainments. The barons of exchequer seconded John's zeal, by granting sums of money for the preservation of the cathedral. The grants, however, were not always so liberal as the ancient cicerone desired, and he one day complained to the late Lady Alloway that the barons were rather stingy. "Indeed, John," said the good-humoured lady, "I think you would be the best baron of exchequer yourself," and John was by no means disposed to controvert so flattering an opinion. The old man never forgave Lord Brougham for passing through Elgin in 1834 without going to see the cathedral, which he had specially cleaned up and prepared for the occasion; and he also grieved that Sir Walter Scott had never been led to that part of Scotland, as he was sure that, if he had, the cathedral, and perhaps himself, would have gone down to posterity "like a speat" in one of the Waverley novels. So faithfully did John discharge his duty as keeper of the ruins, that little now remains but to preserve what he accomplished, to see that no fresh rubbish accumulates, and that the progress of decay is resisted by timely and judicious repairs.

We may here add a word about the keeper of Melrose Abbey, now the most celebrated cicerone in Scotland. Johnny Bower is as great a curiosity as John Shanks, but he has not been so active in removing rubbish. The passage in Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel"—

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aught,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,"

has been a mingled source of wealth and trouble to Johnny Bower. English visitors are determined to see the abbey only by moonlight, though Sir Walter used good-humouredly to confess that he had never himself beheld the ruins at such a time. The lines were a mere poetical flourish. We met a gentleman last summer (Major James G. Burns, son of the poet), who could scarcely credit this declaration of Sir Walter, and appealed on the subject to Johnny Bower. "It's quite true," said the little man; "he never got the key from me at night; and if he ever got in, he must have sped the sea's!" We learnt, from Mr Washington Irving's sketch of Abbotsford, that the worthy beadle has now fallen upon an excellent substitute for the moon, to gratify the "Englishers." This is a great double tallow candle, stuck

upon the top of a pole, with which he conducts his visitors about the ruins on dark nights, so much to their satisfaction, that Johnny begins to think it even preferable to the moon itself. "It does na light up a' at once, to be sure, but then you can shift it about, and show the auld abbey, bit by bit, whilst the moon only shines on one side." Honest John Shanks despised all such expedients, which, he said, were beneath any man who had done what he had done for ancient architecture, or who had a proper knowledge of history.

#### EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.\*

"SMOKERS," writes an American editor, "abound in every clime—Christians, Jews, Mahometans; followers of Bramah and worshippers of the Grand Lama; New Zealanders and Chinese; Samoeids and Africans; Americans of every sect and race; red men and white; aborigines and settlers; quakers, shakers, jumpers, lumpers, loafers, and loco-focos; Yankees and buck-eyes; boss and help [master and servant]; driver and slave; Esquimaux and Patagonians; Mexicans, Peruvians, and Brazilians; Creoles, Mestezoes, and Samboes; however they may differ in colour, speech, manners, and opinions, concur in the love of tobacco." A practice which obtains so universal a sanction, will not, we fear, be easily written down, however laudable the attempt; but the greater the difficulty, the greater the energy required to overcome it; and we regard the objects of the publication named at foot as good, and cheerfully lend a helping hand to promote them.

In a medical point of view, the use of tobacco is unequivocally and unexceptionally injurious. The weed is a poison, and those unaccustomed to smoking who indulge in it for the first time, are troubled with the most distressing symptoms; in some instances, death has ensued from a first excess. The experience produced by half a cigar, which we in our boyhood had the temerity to smoke, fully bears out the truth of the following anecdote, related by a medical correspondent to the twelfth volume of the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal:—"A young man of nineteen years of age, who had been induced by his father's workmen to smoke one pipe of tobacco and part of another, became affected by violent syncope, retching, and vomiting; he returned home, complained of pain in the head, undressed himself, and went to bed; soon afterwards, he was taken with stupor and laborious breathing. When I visited him, the countenance was suffused with a deep livid colour, the eyes had lost their brilliancy, the conjunctive were injected, the right pupil was exceedingly contracted, the left was much larger than usual, and had lost its circular form; both were unaffected on the approach of light; the hands were joined, and in a state of rigid contraction, the arms were bound over the chest, and the whole body was affected by spasmodic contraction; the breathing was very stertorous. Without very active treatment, this young man would most probably have forfeited his life by his rashness. Whether he ever made another attempt at smoking, I do not know; but it is with pain I add, that his life was only spared to fall a victim in a few years afterwards to another cruel tyrant of the same family—alcohol."

This is the fate of nine inveterate smokers out of ten. The expenditure of the salivary fluid which they make requires to be supplied by drink. The thirst produced by a high dried throat is a strong invitation to the bottle and the glass, and habitual smoking is too often the precursor of habitual drunkenness. "Smoking is so nearly allied to drinking," remarks a writer in the Anti-Smoker, "that it can scarcely be indulged in by us without our appearing to sanction the present drinking customs of the land. In the opinion of every bacchanalian, the pipe and the bowl are inseparable companions. Smoking is always a constant attendant upon strong drink; it forms one of the chief enjoyments of the pot-house and the tavern, and not unfrequently acts as the pioneer of intemperance. Within the range of my own knowledge, several promising young men have first entered the precincts of a public-house to quench the thirst engendered by smoking a cigar. The glass of brandy and water obtained for this purpose, has sown the seeds—future glasses and cigars have nourished them—they have sprung up—drunkenness has been the tree—temporal and eternal misery the fruits." Smoking, as is well-known, has been prescribed to the corpulent as a means of reducing their bulk; and in this respect, it is doubtless an infallible specific, because it destroys the digestive powers, and thus denies the system the nutriment of the food taken into the stomach. But to have the remedy in perfection, tobacco should be chewed. "A gentleman, of good constitution, and fond of exercise, but who, notwithstanding all his toils, became exceedingly corpulent, was advised to chew tobacco, according to the directions of a person in whom he confided; and certainly he grew thin, and in time got rid of an almost lethargic drowsiness, with an unwieldy corporation, which had stuck to him for a considerable time: but the effect did not stop where he desired; his digestion was quite destroyed, his flesh continued to waste, he became subject to terrible bilious vomitings, and died in spite

\* The Anti-Smoker and Progressive Temperance Reformer. Vol. I. Leicester: Published by T. Cook, at the Midland Temperance Depot.



of all assistance, after having been reduced to a skeleton."

It is erroneously supposed by some smokers that the habit promotes rather than retards digestion. This fallacy is ably refuted in the *Anti-Smoker*. "The dietetic mischief, and consequent paleness of complexion and emaciation of muscle, which are attributable to the use of cigars, belong, no doubt, to an injury inflicted, perhaps in more ways than one, upon the aids and organs of digestion; nor is that hypothesis at all inconsistent with what we hear from so many cigar-smokers, namely, that their cigar is their *dependence* for digestion! That, after having impaired the organ, or weakened its tone, or dried up the salivary menstruum, they should need a stimulant, even in the very form of the bane which injures them, is only of a piece with all that has been said of drinking, and especially of dram-drinking, with which latter debauch the debauch of cigar-smoking has the closest possible alliance." Another supposition is equally fallacious, namely, that smoking, provided it be not accompanied with expectoration, is not injurious. To show, on the contrary, how complete the inveterate smoker is put to his wit's ends for arguments in his favour, it is only necessary to understand the virulence of tobacco as a poison. "A very moderate quantity introduced into the system, even applying the moistened leaves to the stomach, has been known very suddenly to extinguish life. In whatever form it may be employed, a portion of the active principles of tobacco, mixed with the saliva, invariably finds its way to the stomach, and disturbs or impairs the functions of that organ. Hence most, if not all, who are accustomed to the use of tobacco, labour under dyspeptic symptoms."

Physiologically, the effects of smoking are very much the same as those produced by intoxicating fluids. The action may be first on the mouth, but it all tends to the brain, and deranges the nervous energy. In truth, smoking causes a lulling or intoxicating effect to the most confirmed in the practice. This may be pleasing at the time, and, like a dram, may dispel momentary care, or satisfy a craving. The poor will tell you that a smoke is almost a meal; but, in reality, this is a meal of nothing. Not a particle of sustenance is imparted to the system. A mouthful of bread would do more substantial good to the hungry stomach than the smoking of a hoghead of tobacco.

If the effects of indulgence in this vile drug were simply useless, no other harm than that of throwing money away foolishly would ensue; but the effects are positively deteriorating, and, like all transgressions of nature's simple law, they recoil on the heads of the perpetrators. Tobacco, in any shape, deadens the nerves of taste, and takes a narcotic and paralyzing effect upon the *par vagum*, a wandering pair of nerves which proceed directly from the base of the brain and branch off to the lungs, the heart, the stomach, and the large muscle called the diaphragm, which, dividing the chest from the abdomen, is a principal agent in breathing. Thus tobacco causes torpor, diminishes the pulsation of the heart, and, by its paralyzing effect on the brain, puts the entire nervous system out of order; for into the composition of tobacco two active chemical agents enter—nicotin and essential oil; one attacking the heart, the other the brain. Lastly, the constant use of tobacco blackens the teeth, ulcerates the gums, infects the breath, produces flatulence, and discolours the complexion. Its injurious effects are graphically summed up in the following paragraph at page 11 of the *Anti-Smoker*—"There is no harm in smoking—except that it leads to drinking; drinking, intoxication; intoxication, bile; bile, indigestion; indigestion, consumption; consumption, *death*—that is all!" To the young, the effects are most pernicious. What should contribute to the maturity of the bodily constitution is absolutely drained away; the essential elements of manhood are weakened; and some of the characteristics of old age ensue ere the youth reaches his prime.

It has been represented that smoking is a preservative against moisture of climate, and that the Dutch, for example, require this indulgence as a matter of necessity. We need only say that these assertions rest on no solid foundation. Smoking is no more a preservative against either damp or cold than dram-drinking. The women of Holland do not smoke, and they are as healthy as the men who do. Both in the Netherlands and Germany, smoking is a universal nuisance. In the latter country, where tobacco is generally cultivated and sold at a very cheap rate, the pipe is in everybody's mouth, and helps to produce that dreamy, do-nothing quality of mind which keeps the people in a state of political tutelage.

And now for a word of comfort to snuff-takers. According to the testimony of eminent medical men, snuff is even a more objectionable form of tobacco than "returns" or "pig-tail." "As the nerves of the nostrils are more exposed, or thinly covered, than in any other part of the body, they are extremely sensitive, and when snuff is applied to them, all the nervous system becomes affected by sympathy; hence snuff-taking, like tobacco-smoking, has a narcotic effect on the brain, and through the brain on the mind itself, which particularly tends to weaken the memory. The practice infallibly vitiates the smell,

consequently must impair the taste, and also blunts the hearing; for as the internal or eustachian tube of the ear opens directly behind the back part of the nostril, particles of the snuff often lodge and accumulate there to a very injurious degree. By stimulating the nerves of the eyes also, it often brings on serious diseases of the sight; so that it appears to be hurtful to all the senses except that of touch. If taken too freely, snuff may fall into the stomach, and produce disorders of digestion; it may also occasion continual and troublesome flatulence; for when the nose is obstructed, the person must breathe chiefly by the mouth, and in this way must swallow large quantities of air, which may extend the stomach, doing much injury to the health. An elderly gentleman, some years ago, used to frequent a coffee-house near the Exchange, who could not breathe but with his mouth open, and from whose right nostril there hung the end of a polypus, or fleshy tumour, the remainder of which filled the cavity on that side. This prevented his breathing through that nostril, and he could make very little use of the other from a similar cause. Nothing appeared externally on that side; but he was sensible of the same swelling within. His sufferings were extreme; yet to himself the greatest was, that he could no longer take snuff, to which he was accustomed. Shortly afterwards, he scarcely appeared to be the same person. A surgeon of eminence had undertaken to cure him, after many had declined it; and by attacking, from within, his mouth, which could not be got at by way of the nostrils, he made a perfect cure. The greatest advantage of all was, that his long disuse of snuff, with the sense of the mischief it had done him, prevented his returning to the custom."

Like most other pleasures, that of snuff-taking comes to an end. By excessive indulgence, the stimulus of snuff is lost, and according to Dr Hill, "those who have so totally lost this delicate sensation of flavours, cannot but have impaired their taste with regard to other things; we do not perceive imperfections which come on slowly, but we should therefore be more upon our guard against them; and it would be worth while for a man to consider in time, whether he shall choose to get into a habit of taking snuff, at the certain price of two out of the five senses? Whether, for the sake of a frivolous indulgence, he shall give up for ever the fragrance of all flowers, and the flavour and fine taste of fruits, food, and wines?"

We have only one word to say, and that is on the score of pecuniary loss to the nation by the use of tobacco. It appears that the quantity of this article, manufactured and unmanufactured, including snuff, retained for home consumption in the United Kingdom in the year ending 5th January 1841, was 23,096,281 lbs., yielding a revenue of £3,525,956, and costing the public, as sold by retail, certainly not less than *five millions of pounds*—a most extraordinary sum to be spent on such a pernicious luxury, and chiefly, as is believed, by the less opulent classes of society.

#### SCOTCH FARMING.—A CHALLENGE.

Our attention has been drawn to the following letter addressed to the editor of the *Hereford Times*.

Sir—Will you insert in your *Hereford Times*, that, so much having been said in the daily prints that we English farmers know nothing of our business, and must learn to farm of the Scotch and northern farmers, and that adopting their extraordinary management would enable us to pay high rents, government and local taxes, &c., with low prices for our produce, the first thing we want to know is, whether other parts of England have been so fortunate as to have those good agriculturists from the Lothians or the north settle amongst them, and if they have, by succeeding English farmers on land, who could not live upon it, made fortunes? We have never heard of one in the counties we are acquainted with. Have they ever taught us anything we did not know, when they did come to live by us? or do they ever adhere to their Scotch and northern systems, and not fall into the system of those who have been upon the soils for perhaps half a century, and tried many ways, and kept to the one best suited to the soil? In fact, we know no set of men who fall back into English systems of farming so much as the Scotch and northern farmers do. Then why should we English farmers be taunted in the way we are, when they can teach us nothing? And as to stock farmers, they have no pretensions to compete with the English; and so far from admitting their superiority, we are five of us in the county of Worcester, and five in the county of Hereford—prepared to offer a bet of £100 that we find twenty as good, nay better, English farmers than can be found in the Lothians or any two other Scotch counties; and men who can make as much or more money of their farms than the latter can, if subject to our English payments. We know, on many turnip and barley soils, farmers who plough with a team of four horses in length, with a double-wheel plough, and plough two acres a-day, which saves more than two pair-horse teams and two men to plough the same breadth of land; therefore we beat them upon the ploughing system, so far as expenses go.—We remain, sir, your obedient servants,

R. WINNALL, deputized for Worcestershire.

G. PIERCE, ditto for Herefordshire.

March 2, 1843.

This is a very safe challenge. It is not at all likely that any farmers from the Lothians will give themselves the trouble, or be at the very considerable expense, of trans-

porting themselves, their servants, and their apparatus, a distance of 400 miles, to make the experiments which the challengers desire. Besides, the Scotch farmers, generally, are no way solicitous that their brethren in the south should change their mode of operations, in order to imitate the practices common in the north; and it should further be observed, that it is not Scotch farmers who hold up their own arrangements as models of perfection; it is, for the most part, English tourists, who, being struck with surprise at the advance in agriculture which they observe in the course of their northern journeys, make the subject known in glowing terms to their countrymen on their return.

The circumstance of Scottish farmers not succeeding in England, is by no means new to us. There are very powerful reasons why they should not. Scotch farming is a homogeneous thing—all of a piece. It is a result of a combination of peculiarly happy circumstances, and could only be employed where every one of these circumstances could be brought to bear. The first circumstance, unquestionably, is the orderly habits of the peasantry. Whatever be the improvements adopted by the farmers to lessen human labour, the rural population remain quiet and tractable; and, failing employment, off they go to the colonies or the large towns to seek some new means of subsistence. Threshing-mills driven by steam power are set up; but the Scottish peasant would not think of revenging himself by breaking the machinery, or setting fire to stackyards. As we are informed that the English peasantry would in similar circumstances do both, how can improvements advance? Looking from any of the high grounds at Edinburgh, you may see, perhaps, a dozen tall chimneys rising from as many farmyards. These chimneys belong to the furnaces of steam-engines, by which threshing-mills are driven. Visit one of them, and the farmer will tell you that he can thrash and dress a whole stack of grain in a single morning; that with only a little coal and water, and the attendance of two or three servants, he can, in five or six hours, have the stack completely cleared away, and its grain bagged in Edinburgh market. Compare this with the flail system, still continued in England. Now, English agriculturists, taking them in the mass, dare not perform such a feat; the attempt would be as much as their property was worth. Mr R. Hyde Greg, of Hertfordshire, tells us that the second day he set up a threshing-mill upon his farm, it was maliciously broke by one of the attendants; and that a similar fate befell another threshing-machine which was put up in the neighbourhood. It is surely evident that England cannot become a proper field of agricultural enterprise till this state of things is remedied; in short, till the rural population are elevated above that benighted condition in which they are now placed, and which all thinking men acknowledge to be nothing short of a disgrace to the age.

#### AERIAL POISON OF FASHIONABLE DRAWING-ROOMS.

In an article in a late number of the *Quarterly Review*, in which we are glad to see that justice is done to the excellent Reports of Mr Chadwick on the Sanitary Condition of England, the following observations on the polluted atmosphere of places of fashionable resort seem to us remarkably well put:—

"It is true that through our main thoroughfares, such as Oxford Street, Holborn, Piccadilly, the Strand, Pall Mall, and St James's Street, the atmosphere is enabled to flow with healthful celerity; but to most of these ethereal rivers are there not linked on either side, in the forms of courts, alleys, stable-yards, and cul-de-sacs, a set of vile, stagnant ponds, in which the heaven-born element remains 'in durance vile,' until, saturated with the impurities and sickness of its gaol, it flows into, mixes with, and pollutes the main streams we have described! And yet, if the pavement of St James's Street be but cleanly swept, those who saunter up and down it, as well as those who, in red coats or brown ones, sit indolently gazing at carriages (many of which, as they roll by, seem mechanically to make their heads nod), appear not to be aware that they are one and all inhaling stale, pent-up, corrupt air, which an ounce of science could have dispersed by circulation. Even the hollow square of the royal palace is made to retain its block of the stagnant fluid, while several others of our public buildings, like the office at the bottom of Downing Street, and like the numerous high 'dead' walls inclosing property of the crown, &c., seem to have been purposely planned to act as tourniquets upon those veins and arteries which, if unobstructed, would give health and ruddiness to the population. Instead, however, of philosophising any longer in the streets, we will invite our readers to enter with us for a moment into one of the splendid mansions of our metropolis; and accordingly, ascending its spacious staircase, let us take up our position just in the doorway of the second of the suite of drawing-rooms, beyond which the assemblage, being under high-pressure, makes it evidently impossible for us to advance. We here see before us, in a dense phalanx, figures of both sexes, amongst whom stand conspicuous persons of the highest rank, beauty, and wealth in Europe. Upon their education no expense has been spared—money has done all in its power to add to nature's choicest gifts the polish of art. Their dresses are importations from every country of the civilised world. The refreshments are delicacies which it has required months, and in some cases even years, of unremitting attention to obtain. The splendid furniture has every comfort that ingenuity can devise. And yet within this painted sepulchre, what, we ask, is the analysis of the air we are breathing! That

\* Dictionary of Diet. pp. 306-1.

\* See Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, No. 575.



lofty duchess's head is sparkling with diamonds—that slight lovely being leaning on her arm has the pearls of India wound around her brow—these statesmen and warriors are decorated with stars—the dense mass displays flowers, ribbons, and ornaments of every colour in the rainbow; but among them all, is there, we ask, a single one who for a moment has thought of bringing with him the hoghead of air per hour necessary for his respiration? And if every guest present has neglected to do so, in what manner, it must be inquired, has the noble host provided for the demand? Alas! the massive, pictured walls around us, and richly stuccoed and gilt ceiling over our heads, answer the question, and one has only to cast a glance at them to perceive that the 500 persons present are, like those in the Black-hole at Calcutta, conglomerated together in a hermetically-sealed box full of vitiated air.

Every minute 500 gallons of air pass into the lungs of those present, from whence, divested of its oxygen, it is exhaled in a morbid condition unfit for combustion or animal life; every respiration of each elegant guest, nay, even our own contemplative sigh, vitiates about sixteen cubic inches of the element; and yet, while every moment it is becoming more and more destructive to health, while the loveliest cheeks are gradually fading before us, while the constitutions of the young are evidently receiving an injury which not the wealth of Croesus will be able to repay, what arrangements, we repeat, has the noble host made for repairing the damage he is creating? If foul air, like manure, could be carted away, and if good air, like fresh clean straw, could be brought in its stead, surely one of the simplest luxuries which wealth could offer to society would be to effect this sanitary operation; and thus, instead of offering a set of lovely women in and unwholesome refreshments, to spend the money these would cost in pouring upon their heads, necks, and shoulders, a continual supply of that pure, fresh, exhilarating oxygenous mixture, which gives animation to their hearts and colour to their cheeks. But is this expensive, troublesome, complicated, horse and cart mode of purifying the horrid atmosphere we are breathing necessary? No. Everybody present knows that outside the shutters and plate-glass windows of the rooms in which we are suffering, there is at this moment in waiting, not two inches from us, an overwhelming supply (which might be warmed) of pure air, just as desirous to rush in as the foul air we have been breathing and re-breathing is eager to rush out. The laws of specific gravity ordained by nature are in attendance to insure for us the performance of this double process; indeed so great is the supply of spare air in her laboratory, that the proportion of oxygen consumed by animated beings in a century is said not to exceed  $\frac{1}{1000}$  of the whole atmosphere; and yet, as though the demon of suicide had prevailed upon us to thwart these beneficent arrangements, we close our doors, bar our windows, stuff up by curtains and drapery every crevice, as if it were the particular privilege of wealth to feed its guests on foul air.

If any one of our readers who, like ourselves, may have grown out of patience at the long continuance of this barbarous custom, will take the trouble to put 500 beautiful little gold and silver fishes into a bladder of the filthiest water he can obtain, and then, attaching a weight, throw the whole into a clear crystal stream, and he may justly say—ay, and he may grin as he says it—*Behold an epitome of a London drawing-room!* There is, to be sure, one difference; the tiny creatures within the globe are as innocent of the foul suffering they endure as are those poor, lean, Neapolitan curs which almost every day throughout the year may be seen half choked by the rope that is dragging them reluctantly towards the Grotto del Cane, in order that one more inquisitive, good-humoured, ruddy-faced English family may see them forcibly suffocated in unwholesome gas.\*

In case, from the foregoing observations, it should become apparent that even among people of the highest rank, intelligence, and wealth, there has hitherto existed a lamentable neglect on a subject of such importance to them as the sanitary purification of the atmosphere in which they are living, it is reasonable to infer, that if any one among us would make it his painful duty to penetrate into the courts, alleys, workshops, and residences of the lowest, of the most ignorant, and of the most destitute classes of our society, he would most surely detect a still greater disregard of scientific precautions, directly and flagrantly productive of misery and disease.<sup>7</sup>

#### A VISIT TO A MAGNETIC PATIENT.

[From the *Glasgow Argus* of Monday, March 6, 1863.]

By the kindness of a medical friend, the writer of the following statement was, one evening last week, admitted to visit and examine a case of mesmerism. The phenomena attending it were of a truly singular nature, and as the case itself can be very well authenticated, some account of what was witnessed may perhaps lead to a more careful attention being paid by scientific men to the subject of mesmerism.

The patient, who is a lively intelligent girl of apparently about twenty years of age, has been in delicate health for a long period, and having been latterly subject

to fits of a cataleptic nature, was considered by her medical attendants to be a fit subject for the magnetic influence. On entering the apartment on the evening referred to, she was already in the state of trance, but was awakened (by the operator rubbing her forehead with both his hands), in order that we might see and converse with her in her usual state. She was again thrown into the sleep by the operator holding her hands and looking steadfastly in her face for about a minute, when a deep-drawn sigh announced that the change was effected. Her head sank back upon a pillow placed for its reception, while the expression of the face and the position of the whole body became all at once highly characteristic of the most perfect repose. The eyes remained slightly open, as in somnambulism, but this is said to be only the case when the patient is mesmerised more than once at a sitting. A few passes down the head and face closed the eyes; and in this condition a hand or limb placed in any position, however awkward in her usual condition, remained immovable, which state was described as that of plant catalepsy. A few passes down any particular limb produced what the operator styled a rigid catalepsy, in which the muscles appeared distended by some powerful nervous influence. On inquiry, we were informed that her pulse, which, in ordinary cases, beats quickly, falls regularly about twenty beats while in this condition. Her eyes were now bandaged so as to prevent the semblance of collusion or conspiracy, and a loud noise having been unexpectedly made by striking two books together, showed that she continued insensible to external influence of such a nature. At the same time, a cord fifteen yards long having been fastened to her right hand, and carried to an adjoining apartment, and from thence down a stair to the court below, the doors being all shut, served as a means of communication between the patient and one of the medical gentlemen. Orders or commands, written by spectators in the apartment on a slip of paper, and handed to the latter, were whispered by him upon his end of the cord, and promptly replied to by her in the performance of the commands. Conversations held with her, by means of the operator whispering upon the back or palm of her hand, elicited the fact that she was possessed of a double consciousness, answering to a different name from that given in her usual condition, describing her situation as one of great mental quietude and happiness, and looking upon herself as a totally different individual from what she really is. The operator continuing to hold her hands, one of the spectators slipped behind him, and pulled his hair, upon which the patient called out that some one pulled her hair; when he was pinched, she complained of being pinched in the same place, although she was in her own person quite insensible to pain. When the operator held her hands, and imitated the motion of swallowing, the muscles of her throat and mouth assumed the appearance of the same action. The effect of such experiments impressed upon our minds the fact of a community of sensation.

The room was now completely darkened, and the fire covered up with a large board, the interstices being filled with cloths, to prevent a single ray of light. In this state she was asked to describe the appearance of the room, and the position of the different parties present, which she did very minutely; and one gentleman present described his sensation as almost overpowering, when, in a whisper (with her eyes still bandaged), she described the altered position in which he placed himself to test her powers.

It appears that this power of *clair-voyance* is greater in proportion to the absence of light.

One of the strangers present having been requested to place himself in communication with the patient by holding her hands, she described accurately and anatomically the appearance of his system—asserting, in answer to the questions of the mesmeriser, that the stranger was in perfect health; and, on being pressed by a physician present to examine the stomach minutely, declared, after a few seconds, that it was affected in a very slight degree, and had been so affected for about two days.

This gentleman afterwards assured the company that such was literally the fact, but that the indisposition was so trifling, that he did not consider it necessary to be mentioned previously. What renders this incident the more striking, is, that when the physician pressed the inquiry, he imagined that a different spectator (the room being dark) was under examination, and for whom he had prescribed for indigestion and bilious headache only a short time before.

In short, the experiments, of which only the leading ones can be detailed in a paper of this kind, were of such a nature, and so conducted, as to leave us no alternative—unless we were inclined to doubt the evidence of our senses—but to believe that mesmerism is entitled at the least to a proper share of attention. Experiments were tried to show that it might be possible to lead the patient to visit in imagination, and to describe places and persons whom she had not previously seen or conversed with—for instance, houses, streets, and even the interior of public buildings; which we were assured by the father, mother, and brother of the girl, she was in her usual state utterly ignorant of. Whatever explanation the scientific may offer of these phenomena, enough has been seen by the writer to satisfy him that mesmerism presents many features well worthy of investigation. The able portion of the medical faculty are unfortunately, for the most part, so busily engaged with the active duties of their profession, as to be unable to find leisure to prosecute such studies; while such an investigation carried on by non-professional parties is exceedingly likely to bring down upon their heads the imputation of tampering with the credulity of mankind.

Since the commencement of the mesmerism treatment, the patient's symptoms have gradually and steadily abated, and what is very curious, they have done so exactly in the reverse order of their accession. She has now been for three weeks entirely free of any return of the fits, while her health and spirits daily improve. The

patient declares herself to be better than she has been for many years, and her medical attendants feel assured she will be ultimately and permanently cured.

It is to be hoped that a complete account of the case, in a more scientific form, will, by-and-by, be laid before the public.

#### HATCHING CHICKENS.

##### TODD'S PORTABLE HATCHING APPARATUS.

MANY schemes for hatching chickens, ducklings, and the young of other domestic poultry, have at various times been brought before the public. The advantages claimed for Mr Todd's apparatus are portability, the little attendance required, and the small weekly cost of keeping up the required temperature. The whole contrivance is enclosed in a vessel of cylindrical form, made of sheet iron, whose diameter is 24 inches, and height 22 inches. It consists of the following parts:—The hatching tray, occupying the upper part of the vessel, which is 21½ inches in diameter and 2½ inches deep, is lined with wool, and has around a central aperture, through which the steam passes from the boiler to the hatching department, a reservoir of annular form, 1½ inch wide and 1½ inch deep, to contain water, for the purpose of keeping the atmosphere of the hatching compartment in a sufficiently humid state. The boiler, of zinc, is placed 3½ inches below the bottom of the hatching tray, is 22 inches in diameter and 10 inches in extreme depth, the upper and lower sides being of a somewhat hemispherical form. The boiler is filled with hot water by a ¾ inch pipe, passing out on one side of the vessel into a vertical reservoir of 2 inches diameter and 4 inches high. In the centre of this reservoir is a cylindrical case, in which a thin copper wire, suspended from a float in the upper part of the reservoir, works freely, and which is connected with a valve at bottom, working in a small pipe communicating with the heating chamber. The use of the float and valve is to regulate the temperature of the water. The heating chamber is of copper, about 4 inches square and 19 inches long, running in a central line through the boiler. It is furnished with a lamp tray, having any number of burners that may be required, according to the temperature of the apartment in which the apparatus is placed. The lamp tray, in the present case, is 7 inches long, 4 in width, and 1½ in depth. The hatching process is simple, and may be thus described. When the eggs are first placed in the hatching tray, it is necessary to mark 1 and 2, or A and B, or some other mark, by which to distinguish opposite sides; as also to write the date on each egg, so as to distinguish one hatch of eggs from another. The tray will hold 100 eggs. Once in every 24 hours, for 21 successive days, it is necessary (for so nature dictates) to turn the eggs; at the expiration of that time, when the chickens break forth from their shells, it is found advisable to leave them in the tray for about 24 hours, before they are transferred to the rearing compartment, the temperature of which is about 12 degrees lower than that of the hatching room.—*Athenæum*.

#### STOCKINGS MADE IN HALF AN HOUR!

We lately alluded to the manufactory of a new patent knitting machine, established in the vicinity of Newabbey village; and we are happy to say, that the first machine constructed there is now all but finished, and is already in working order. The merit of inventing the machine belongs to Mr Thorburn, stocking manufacturer in this town; and although the model was completed fully seven years ago, the delays incident to all such inventions, and especially those caused by our complicated patent laws, have hitherto prevented a proper consummation. The machine is compressed into a very small compass, and possesses nothing in common with the stocking-frame now in use, with the single exception of the needles. When the thread has been looped on by the workman over a certain number of needles, according to the breadth of the article to be made, the mechanism is set a-going, and, driven by water-power, moves backwards and forwards, adding a row at each movement to the rapidly-forming web, the workman having nothing to do but see that all is going on properly, without the necessity, as in the common frame, of labouring either with his hands or feet. In the formation of stockings, for example, the greater or less number of needles brought into play at the will of the workman varies the breadth of the web, to suit the tapering necessary to fit the varying thickness of the leg and foot; while in the formation of the heel, which, as all housewives know to their cost, requires an extra fortification against the friction of the shoe, three threads are brought at once into play by a novel and beautiful adaptation of the machinery, and a treble row of loops formed in that tender part by one and the same movement. The stockings which we saw on Saturday last, made in this manner, are of a beautiful fabric, the regularity of the looping far surpassing that of the ordinary manufacture. The whole process, from the top of the leg to the tip of the toe, can be completed in the short space of half an hour, when the stocking is ready to be stitched and then worn; and it is, moreover, anticipated, that experience will enable a single workman to superintend the movements of two machines at one and the same time. Even without this, however, the saving of labour is very great, as by the present method a stocking cannot be made in less than an hour and ten minutes, while, as before observed, the new machine obviates the necessity of any bodily exertion.—*Dumfries Courier*.

LONDON: Published, with permission of the proprietors, by W. S. ORR, Paternoster Row.

Printed by Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.

Complete sets of the Journal are always to be had from the publishers or their agents; also, any odd numbers to complete sets. Persons requiring their volumes bound along with title-pages and contents, have only to give them into the hands of any bookseller, with orders to that effect.

\* The Grotto del Cane is famed for a peculiar and deadly gas, which floats near the floor, to the ordinary height of a dog, and consequently these animals are distressingly affected by it on being taken within the grotto, while human beings, being much taller, escape.—*Ed.*